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In the east cattle were raised by the sweat of the brow, on high cost and high taxed land. In the west, with the buffalo gone, there was hardly end to possibilities of the number of wild cattle. There would be two roundups a year, In the spring to brand the calves; in the fall to cut out beef cattle for market. It is no wonder the east was forced out of the cattle business when came the competition of the boundless west.

As example of what is possible in wild cattle take the treeless plains of South America. In the 1550's a bull and seven cows were brought from Spain. From these sprang the millions and millions of wild cattle of the South American pampas. Except for the buffalo, the same condition would have prevailed in North America. There never was a time when the wild cattle of South America did not yield readily to domestication. For many generations they were hunted for their hides alone, as was the buffalo of the north. However, whenever it was considered worth while to corral wild cattle, it was found that in a short time they become accustomed to the control of man.

Australia and New Zealand had the same experience with

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Australia and New Zealand had the
... same experience with range cattle.
... It is small wonder that beef from the
... west and the south and down under
... made the eastern cattle raiser live
... hard. But this eastern American is
... a thrifty soul. Those who stayed at
... home depended upon a diversity of
... crops, and the others went west to
... engage in the cattle business.

Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace
... Greeley uttered some careless words
... which became a slogan: "Go west
... young man, grow up with the coun
... try" Millions acted upon his advice
... and when they went they went to stay
... the result is a rich and populous west
... The conditions in the west are more
... nearly approaching those in the east
... each year and so the handicap under
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When the waves of buffalo receded
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When the waves of buffalo receded
from the western plains, the steer ad-
vanced. Soon they had replaced the
buffalo Then the Pocahontas county
stockman found himself up against
it. He could not even turn to the
production of butter and cheese, as
the cattlemen of New York and other
states did. In those days nothing
could be marketed from Pocahontas
which could not walk out on its own
feet to the rail head. The way out
in these blue grass valleys was found,
By taking care a domesticated animal
could be raised that commanded a
far better price than the range cattle
of the west They set about to im-
prove the breed; Thus export cattle
were produced which brought a living
for the care expended.

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Pachyderms - 7

Let me here interline the remark that about a quarter of a century back changes began to come about in the economic scheme of world affairs. and the demand for big export cattle declined and went out. It marked decline in the quality of our cattle, so carefully and laboriously brought up to such high standard of excellence in the two generations following the war between the states

In Tuckahoe Virginia, where the winters are mild, there persisted the practice of raising unimproved cattle. The penny royal bull of the old days was a term of reproach in grazing countries, and referred to the class of cattle found in the flat lands of Eastern Virginia. Another term I have

have not heard in years was a four old yearling, meaning a steer four years of age and the size of a yearling. Another illustration of the cheap cattle of the lowlands was that a steer was so small that he could be salted in his horns.

The existence of low grade Tuckahoe cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Shenandoah. Green

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hoe cattle was a constant menace to
the breeders of the mountain valleys
of the Shenandoah, Greenbrier, Poto
mac and Tygarts. The pennyroyal
bull became much dreaded and feared
Cattle seemed to be peculiar among
animals in that they breed true to
the sire and not to the dam. So it
can be seen the aversion to the penny
royal bull was well founded. The
passes of the mountains were well
watched to keep him on his side of
the divide. A bunch of sinewy steers
could be driven to the grass in the
highlands without causing concern,
If there were bulls and heifers in the
bunch, the close watch was kept on
the herds, so the interlopers could be
worked out of the country by moral
suasion and other lawful means.

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The English custom was firmly fix
ed here—that of seeing families with
one cow or more, who made no pre
tention to herds, were given opportu-
nity to raise purebred stock.

The four year old export steer was
the sacred ox in these mountains;
held sacred to the purpose for which
he was created; and went to the large
city market for beef. So far as I
know, there never was a standard
four year old steer butchered and
eaten in Pocahontas county. Tradi-
tion has it, a peculiar man in Green
brier county, deciding that the best
was as good as any, butchered a cou-
ple of export steers for the home
market. He like to have ruined his
business, for his customers ever after
demanded the kind of beef he furnish
ed while these export steers lasted.

The last generation has seen a decided change for the worse in the quality of our cattle. The big demand is for stocker cattle—calves, yearlings, and two year olds, to be fed out for beef in corn raising counties. A lot of milk stock has been brought in. Every housewife demands one or more Jerseys, Holsteins or Guernseys at the milk gap for home supply and weekly shipments of cans of cream Daries have come to supply town people with their dally milk. In most every bunch of cattle can be seen the slim hips which denote milk stock. The hired man goes about the milking as a matter of course. Men have grown to maturity who never heard the boisterous defy song of the old timers, one yerse of which went some thing like this:

They can't set me down to no three
legg'd stool,

With a painted milk bucket at knee,
What, do they think I'm that kind
of a fool!

They can't make a milker of me!

By the way a painted bucket was a
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By the way a painted bucket was a
wooden factory made one, bought at
the store. The term painted was
applied to differentiate between the
heavier, more lubberly bucket made
by some handy man in the communi-
ty. I have not heard the term in
years, now I come to think about in.

I see now I have once again started
to write something hard to stop in
allocated space. To make as neat a
landing as possible, let me say that
our town has survived and prospered
during the late depression on the mil-
lion dollar annual income of Pocahon-
tas county farmers, mostly derived
from live stock. Each and every one
of us has a stake in the expansion of
livestock industry, through better
breeding and better care of cattle and
sheep on these everlasting hills.
Much can be learned from the experi-
ence of the old time stockman, who
came up from disaster by producing
a better steer when the cheap beef
from wild cattle from the western
plains flooded the

landed as possible, our town has survived and prospered during the late depression on the million dollar annual income of Pocahontas county farmers, mostly derived from live stock. Each and every one of us has a stake in the expansion of livestock industry, through better breeding and better care of cattle and sheep on these everlasting hills. Much can be learned from the experience of the old time stockman, who came up from disaster by producing a better steer when the cheap beef from wild cattle from the western plains flooded the market. What grandpa did to save his business, we can do to improve ours. Dr Wilson, up at the University Farm, says the solution of our live stock problems lies in the breed, care and feed. These three, but the greatest of these is feed.

So we say to all those who follow the track of a steer it looks like good times are coming back in the cattle business, and that right soon. In fact the text I had in mind when I started to write was the news that Cousin Cam Beard topped the Baltimore market with a couple of car loads of three year old steers, 1300 pounds and better, to net him around \$9 50 a hundred weight.

Somewhat under duress exerted at such capable hands of authority as Miss Mabel, who is the wife, poor dear, and Doctor Jim, I made the perfectly sincere and all to the good New Year's resolution to quit so much of my running around.

To begin with, I had made a hand for a couple of days on a deer hunt. An old flat foot broke down under pressure; and an infection resulted. The blood stream got to acting up over it and they put me to bed for parts of three days with my foot in a sling. This was different from the metaphorical slings I am always putting my foot in. The orders were positive and plain: from here on I was to act my age. Being on the anxious seat, I readily assented and expected to comply.

My word being out before witnesses, it was with me the summer of self righteous pride which precedes the fall. I declined with regret certain public appearances to break a few random remarks. Ordinarily, I would have risked a better leg than my worse one to have accepted such kind invites.

Come last Sunday afternoon; I was humped up in the chimney corner, with shoes off before the fire, a wondering in my mind if duty was not calling for the sacrifice of a pleasant six mile walk in the woods, for to check up on the birds, beasts and varmints, for a long range forecast on the snow storm the crackle of the fire sure said was brewing.

I hurry to say I am for the daily weather forecasts; their twenty-four hour predictions are to be depended upon for the short period attempted to be covered. However I want longer range forecasts myself, to consult the nut eaters in the fall as to general prospects for a hard or soft winter; then to read signs weekly for the immediate period ahead.

As I pondered to make believe there was satisfaction in the conceit of having been a powerful man in my day, the telephone jangled to break the silence of the hour. It was New York, "We the People" were eating to know whether I could catch the next train out for the big town, for to be an exhibit on the popular radio broadcast, which advertises Banks Coffee. It seemed a typical country editor was wanted, and would I be their huckleberry?

In the words of the truth in an advertisement, sign of an old time merchant, I said go no further to get cheated; I would be on hand.

It is fifty mile down to the settlement; the train would leave in a couple of hours, and it a snowing; I would hit the hay road out in a few minutes with bells a ringing.

The gentleman with the kindest intention in the world, considerately inquired if I had expence money; if not, he would wire an amount sufficient. Daggone, that old boy don't know his mountain people, to realize that if I did not have the money by me or knew where I could get it. I would have had to politely refuse the invite for very good reasons, such as being in bed with bear scratches, and quarantined for rabies.

Incidentally, the record should show that well heeled neighbors did shell out liberally on the spur of my great moment in amounts more than sufficient. I am further moved to remark the old saying is still true that we mountain people are like wild hogs in that we eat each other, but let one of us squeal, and the whole drove packs to his relief.

For seven generations my people have tracked the Seneca Trail—some times before and some times after the 18th— but none of the breed ever went that long trail awinding with greater trepidation of heart. However, you know the old saying, no fool, no fun, so I went along determined to have a good time regardless, but how I did dread it all. Oh, why should the heart of a mortal be proud!

The trip from the settlement on was just another train ride. At the hotel, there were directions to call the captain's office. Reporting there, an interview was had, in which the short and simple annals of a poor country editor were jotted down for the professional script writer to put within meets and bounds for five minutes of dialogue—no more, no less. Then appointments were made for studio rehearsals. Here your reading voice is tried out to fit radio broadcasting; the script revised, added to and cut out; words marked for emphasis. Then other rehearsals for the revised script. All this was just about as dull as dish water and as uninteresting as preparations for the old home town pageant.

Mouthing over a spontaneous little outburst soon causes it to lose flavor and become flat as a board, no matter how so stimulating in the morning sun it may appear when first expressed. Something like messing up butterfly wings by too much handling, if you catch my point.

I have said before it is ever a painful duty for me to vivisect my feeble jests to show the works to those who wonder what it all may be about any way.

Cont.

There being no part nor parcel of play acting in my make up, there was no temptation to become temperamental—hysterical. In common, everyday language. So like the dumb, driven ox which I am, I plodded along the lines laid out for me. I finally realized I had no particular desire to live through it all, for I knew full well if I was allowed even to come back to the Greenbrier Valley, I could never hope to live the matter down.

To relieve tense reader suspense, I will here say I did live through the experience, and have returned to the bosom of my family. The seen audience which packed the big theatre responded to the weak gags about the same as a gathering of mountain people;

there were kind, encouraging words from the management; there has been a flow of fan mail; even the home people received gladly the threadbare lines I sent over the air.

As an experience I would not take anything for it, but I do not choose any more. Like the old man who said he would not take a million dollars for his wife, but would hesitate to give a dime for another just like her.

My little skit was a dialogue between two editors. Exhibit Number One was Editor Schoenstein of the New York Journal American, 650,000 circulation, 1500 employees. Exhibit Number Two was your Editor of the Pocahontas Times, 3,000 subscribers, 3 employees. I cottoned to the city editor no end; he is smart and he is likable. What a man I could have made of him if I had caught him early enough to train him up as a country editor. Here his personality would have touched humanity direct—a light on a bushel and not under it.

The Confederacy was pretty well represented on the stage that night. In addition to this unreconstructed rebel. The director, Mr Stronach, is one of the Virginia Cousins from Clark County. Miss Jane Pickens is a professional singer, whose head is as red as the clay hills of Georgia from whence she came. These two have joined the Yankees and now live in New York.

Then there was that son of the far South, Will Davis, executive secretary of the Board of Trade, city of Pensacola, Florida, turkey hunter and hound dog man. His mother was a professional singer. About forty years ago, her singing of the ever popular song "O Promise Me," was transcribed on a victrola record. Not one record could be found, though Mr Davis sought diligently. "We the People" had one for him in an hour after his plea had gone out over the air.

Another on the job that night was Far Wood, that boat racing son of Neptune, whose speed boats have won so many races there is no one left with the nerve to challenge him.

There was the interesting Major of the late royal navy of Russia, who designs fast military planes for America these days.

Then there were Mr and Mrs George Lowther, of New York, whose recent courtship through mandamus proceedings and their elopement and marriage has been heralded from coast to coast in the daily papers. They are a nice young couple and I am for them. If they will send me their address when they go to house keeping, I will help them start right to the extent of a year's subscription to the Pocahontas Times.

The remaining feature of the program was a group of boys from the Bowery, who play harmonicas. They were bright little dickenses, with the souls of artists. I got real chummy with them. Don't ask me their names; I can hardly pronounce, much less spell them. They were of Italian extraction, mostly.

Pocahontas
Times

1/18/40

Pocahontas - Chapter 4

-: D I E D :-

Mrs Phoebe Ellen Zickafoose Lambert was born at Cave, Pendleton County, November 13, 1862; she departed this life December 4, 1939, at her home at Greenbank, aged 77 years and 21 days. She was a daughter of the late Sampson and Sarah Simmons Zickafoose. She is survived by her half brother, Robert Mullenax, and her half sister, Mrs Pearl Lambert, both of Cherry Grove.

On August 19, 1880, she became the wife of James B Lambert. To this union seven children were born. She is survived by her aged husband, and two children, Mrs Boyd Crigler, of Franklin and Mrs Homer Cassell, of Greenbank; also by twenty three grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

At the age of twelve years, Mrs Lambert made profession of her faith and united with the United Brethren Church, ever living the faithful, consistent life of a Christian. She was a great church worker, a teacher in the Sabbath School, ready to do everything in her power to advance The Kingdom. She was a sympathetic friend and neighbor, a loving and affectionate mother.

The funeral service was held from the Greenbank Methodist Church by Rev Quade R. Arbogast. Burial in the Arbovale Cemetery beside the graves of her son and daughter. The pall bearers were her grandsons and the flower bearers her granddaughters.

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- Marlinton Journal

3/7/40